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L.396

The Pioneer Organ
of Anarchism

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

December, 1906
Price, Ten Cents

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L.396

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

L.396

LIBERTY

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IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY

How strong a shield to tender youth,
Whose mind might suffer stain or guile
By too much knowledge of the truth,
Is ignorance of all things vile!

How blest that innocence impearled
In maids from whom bad scenes are hid;
Who see no evil in the world,
And would not know it if they did!

Amidst the sacking of a town
A young girl from her casement leant,
And, on the riot looking down,
She wondered what the outbreak meant.

'Twas Kishineff; a Christian mob
Pursued with heaven-born love the Jew.
She saw them ravish, beat, and rob,
And asked what caused them so to do.

L.396

One from the street has raised his eyes
Up to the damsel leaning there;
The girl could but evince surprise
To hear his footsteps on the stair.

He comes, the villain bad and bold;
Ah, shade of Shakspere, now at peace!
Not by this pen shall be retold
The tale of Tarquin and Lucrece.

The spoiler fled; the maid misused,
In human passions all untaught,
Watched from her window, as she mused,
"I wonder what that rude man sought."

Blest ignorance! that can defy
The lightning-shock of lust uncurbed,—
That yields and only wonders Why?
And is not otherwise disturbed;

Pass us no apples from the tree
Of knowledge, howsoever fair;
We would not from the spoiler flee,
We hail his footsteps on the stair.

Come he in guise of Church or State,
Which we, with wisdom, might abhor,
We'll stand for pillage, small or great,
And wonder what he wants it for.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

ON PICKET DUTY

It is manifest to me that in the material sense the Anarchists of the United States are doing pretty well. To my offer of ten dollars a week and a commission of one-third on all subscriptions and sales I have received very few responses, and only one from an Anarchist. No response has been satisfactory. Therefore I renew the offer made in the October number, with this modification in the canvasser's favor: when in any calendar month his commissions have not been sufficient to make his total earnings for the month sixty-five dollars, I will make up the deficiency to that amount. This is the same thing as a *guarantee* of fifteen dollars a week, with a strong chance of earning a good deal more. The necessary qualifications are: good appearance and address; well-grounded belief in Anarchism; fidelity and enthusiasm as a worker; promptness, accuracy, and reliability in business dealings. If the right man offers, the position will be a permanent one, and, beginning with next spring, when I shall inaugurate the publication of new cloth-bound volumes of importance, it will include a canvassing of the book trade at wholesale prices. The canvasser

must pay his own travelling expenses, but these will be small, as he will make a considerable stay in each town and only a short journey to the next.

I am pleased to be able to say that the sale of the new Anarchist stickers is progressing satisfactorily, and I hope that the announcement will cause still others to co-operate in their use. When several hundred people shall engage persistently in this method of propagandism, the fact will excite a steadily-growing interest in Anarchism.

When a magazine professing to take an advanced position on the problems of the day announces itself to the world as "a militant weekly for God and country," it is high time that Max Stirner's book received an English translation. And the manifest duty of the hour is about to be accomplished. The manuscript translation of "Der Einzige und sein Eigentum" is now in the printer's hands, and I shall publish it next year, probably early in the spring. It is the greatest work of political philosophy and ethics ever written; on these subjects it says the final fundamental word; it banishes all the spooks forever. It was written fifty years ahead of its time,—so far ahead that, after creating a temporary furore, it was utterly forgotten. Its revival, here in America, is destined to give an impetus to the Anarchistic movement unparalleled in that movement's history.

A. Martin, a German writer, describing himself as the author of a book, "Ueber natuerliche staatenlose

Oekonomie" (a title which reminds one of Proudhon's discussion of "the dissolution of the State in the economic organism"), has published through Otto Wigand, Leipzig, a pamphlet of sixty-four pages on "Max Stirners Lehre. Mit einem Auszug aus 'Der Einzige und sein Eigentum'," which he inscribes to "Seinem liebenswuerdigen theoretischen Gegner" (his amiable theoretical opponent), "Miss Dr. Jessica Blanche Peixotto, Lecturer in Sociology at the University of California." Of the sixty-four pages only ten, introductory and explanatory, are by the author, the remaining pages consisting of extracts from Stirner's book,—a circumstance little calculated to inspire a publisher, let alone a "pirate," with too great respect for the reservation "of all rights (especially the right of translation) by the author" on the back of the title-page. Barring the charge against Stirner's book of a certain prolixity, and an apology for his atheism, Mr. Martin writes intelligently and sympathetically of his subject. He describes Stirner as a philosopher and social reformer of the first rank, and by his well-chosen extracts promises to awaken for "Der Einzige und sein Eigentum" an interest in circles hitherto closed to it.

A recent number of Russia's leading radical monthly, the "Rousskoie Bogatstvo" (Russian Treasure) contained one article on the Eltzbacher book on "Anarchism" (the article being sympathetic but critical, the writer pointing out that Eltzbacher's exposition is not systematic enough, and that the differences between individualistic and communistic Anarchism are

not properly brought out), and another—very excellent—article on Mackay's Stirner biography. I learn incidentally that Michailovsky, the late Russian critic and radical thinker, understood the importance of Stirner, and many years ago devoted an essay to his ideas and his position in German politico-philosophical literature.

Ernest H. Crosby, non-resistant, disciple of Tolstoi, and friend of universal peace, supported, in the recent campaign for the governorship of New York, the monster who deliberately brought on the war between the United States and Spain, and who telegraphed to the artist, Frederic Remington: "You furnish the pictures, and I'll furnish the war."

The day before election the New York "Evening Post" said: "If Bourke Cockran's statement that 'there is only five per cent. of rottenness in this country' is true, Mr. Hughes's plurality should be ninety-five per cent." What moved the "Post," I wonder, to admit that exactly half the rottenness would support Hughes? I have always been of the opinion that the rottenness was about equally distributed between the two great parties, and I did not expect the Hearst diversion to materially disturb that equilibrium; but it surprises me to find that the "Post" agrees with me. I had gathered from its editorials that it found nearly all the rottenness on Hearst's side.

During the recent State campaign the horrible and hypocritical Hearst arraigned the New York "Herald"

and its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, for pandering to vice through its column of "Personals," and plumed himself on having stopped the "Herald," by causing the arrest of some of its editors, from "dragging innocent victims into a life of vice and crime." In this matter the only difference between Bennett and Hearst is that Bennett publishes the "Personals," while Hearst publishes the advertisements of the quack doctors who live on the results of the "Personals."

With its customary sophistry Hearst's "Journal" tries to soften the election verdict by noting that in Hearst's own community, New York city, "a very great majority honored him with their confidence." On the contrary, the vote of New York city is the most striking evidence afforded by the election of the lack of confidence in Hearst. In a city normally Democratic by a margin of 125,000, Hearst, the regular Democratic candidate, received a plurality of only 77,000, while his associates on the ticket received a plurality of about 135,000. For the first time in political history, so far as I know, the fact that a candidate ran heavily behind his ticket has been pointed to as an evidence of the people's trust in him. If this attitude of the voters toward Hearst is to be described as "confidence," what word is left by which to fitly designate the truly awful popularity of Chanler?

A year ago the Democrats deposited in the mails postal cards charging Hearst with responsibility for the assassination of McKinley, and Roosevelt's postmaster-general promptly confiscated them. At that

time Hearst was running for office against the Democrats. This year Hearst ran for office against the Republicans, and Roosevelt's secretary of State, speaking by Roosevelt's orders, brought the same charge against Hearst with much greater elaboration. Not from any love of the horrible Hearst do I point out this shameless inconsistency, but simply to show that he is not the only hypocrite.

Throughout the late political campaign the Tammany judiciary ticket was denounced by the New York "Times," "Sun," and "Evening Post," and by nearly the entire press, as a rotten one. The Tammany judiciary ticket was elected, and, if the ante-election statements of the papers mentioned were true, we now have a rotten judiciary elected for fourteen years. Two or three years hence, when this campaign has been forgotten, if some Anarchist, or some Bryan, or even some Jerome, happens to remark that the judiciary is rotten, I hope that the "Times," the "Sun," and the "Evening Post" will not rise in their wrath to declare that our sacred and incorruptible judiciary must not be attacked. But they will.

No old reader of Liberty has forgotten our lamented William Walstein Gordak, author of "The Ballot" and numerous other excellent poems of a similar character. To most readers, however, he was unknown in perhaps his strongest aspect,—as a poet of nature, love, and reminiscence. Before his death he entrusted to me a selected collection of his poems of this order, that I might publish them. The little

book, entitled "Here's Luck to Lora, and Other Poems," is now ready. I have no hesitation in applying the adjective "great" to its contents. Indeed, it contains lines not a few worthy of the greatest, and even as a whole it will bear comparison with all but those rare poets whose names are immortal. There are thirty-two poems, making a handsome pamphlet of sixty-two pages in a stiff cover, and printed on paper of fine quality. For the tasteful appearance of the volume I am indebted to my friend, George Schumm, to whose competent hands I entrusted the task of superintending its manufacture. Himself an old friend of Gordak, he gladly undertook it as a labor of love. It should be stated, however, that the cover-design, the least attractive feature, was made by Gordak, who, a designer by vocation, was far better at his avocation,—poetry. I have sent about a hundred copies to the newspapers, and the reviews are beginning to appear. The Cleveland "Plain Dealer" says:

> It contains a number of poems of real merit. Mr. Gordak possesses the requisite poetical imagination, and at times displays a remarkable facility of expression.

And here is the Portland "Oregonian's" estimate:

> Mr. Gordak comes entirely unannounced, but his verse speaks well for him. He is a natural poet who writes evenly and melodiously of the beauties of nature and the daintier side of love. Nothing in his little book is cheap. His muse has a lofty flight, and his teachings uplift, especially in "By the Light of a Single Star," "The Old House," and "The Common Things That Be."

These critics little dream that they are praising

the work of an Anarchist, though there are several poems in the book that sound the Anarchistic note. But the book is interesting to the readers of Liberty rather as the work of an Anarchist than as an Anarchistic work. Here is one of my favorite stanzas, from "The Common Things That Be":

> Hail to the common things that be!
> The sound of rain upon the roof,
> The rose, the wild anemone,
> The rhythm of the horse's hoof,
> The scent of piny forests, glow
> Of Autumn's tinted foliage,
> The smooth and slumbrous fields of snow,
> Familiar things—man's heritage.

How simple, and how vivid, and how impressive! And here is another, from "Venus":

> When first the boy's fond heart awakes
> He sees the glimmer from afar
> And lo! the Morn of Venus breaks;
> A decade and a half of night,
> Then rosy colors flood the skies;
> The mad, the passionate lovelight
> Now greets him with its great surprise.

The price of the book is one dollar. I publish it at an inevitable loss. Were the price low, still it would be read by only a few choice spirits. I shall be fortunate if I sell a hundred copies, though I ought to sell a hundred thousand. With so small a sale in prospect, the price must be high. Each reader must help me to at least a partial return of my investment. And each will get his dollar's worth; no doubt of that. Literary values are independent of weight and bulk.

The New York authorities are beginning to enforce the outrageous law depriving of the right of public meeting those whom it describes as criminal Anarchists. Several meetings have been broken up, and numerous arrests have been made. It seems to me that these meetings, called to discuss the act of Czolgosz, were very ill-advised. Certainly the persons arrested are in an awkward predicament, and it is difficult to see what can be done to help them. If any great lawyer would venture the opinion that this law can be overthrown in the higher courts, and would undertake to carry a test case through to a final conclusion, it would be worth while to spend a great deal of money in the effort. But to spend money in a hopeless defence of individuals who have deliberately put their liberties in jeopardy is to waste it. They may be the most earnest people in the world, but they must take the consequences of their own unwisdom. Certainly the liberty to advocate or excuse or explain assassination should not be denied, but most of us feel that we can worry along a while longer without that liberty, and are disposed to devote our means and energies to the attainment of other liberties of which we are more immediately in need. To each his chosen task and the inconveniences thereof.

The latest idiocy of the violent revolutionaries is the murder of an Italian professor who had condemned their methods. How can one join hands with such people in a struggle for free speech? They claim the liberty to advocate murder, and they deny the liberty to condemn it.

"Liberty's" comments on Mr. Henry Holt's letter to the New York "Times," recommending outlawry, or legal boycotting, as the best and most civilized method of dealing with Anarchists, have elicited from him another letter to the same paper. In this letter he considers my remarks "as a specimen of Anarchistic reasoning." To save space, I give here all but the introductory portion of the communication, and deal with his points, which I venture to number, *seriatim*.

I have just received a little pamphlet entitled Liberty, and announcing itself as "The Pioneer Organ of Anarchism" (1), in which my paragraph is quoted as above, and then is followed by a series of remarks, partly abusive, (2) most of which have no coherent meaning to me. (3) They include, however, the following coherent, though it seems to me inapposite, questions:

> Would you allow the non-aggressive outlaw to protect himself, to associate with other Anarchists for self-protection? Would you permit him to occupy and use land, to buy and sell, to give and receive credit, to deal freely with all who voluntarily dealt with him?

Possibly a little comment on these questions may be worth while. Anarchism seems possible only in a mind unable to conceive the condition of the individual with the protection of the State withdrawn, and this Anarchist asks these questions in face of my having stated that condition, which answers them all. (4) Yet the application of that condition in detail, even if quite obvious, may perhaps carry some suggestion not entirely useless to others, if it is to him.

The condition does not directly touch the right of self-defence, and, if an Anarchist on trial for committing violence were to plead that right, admitting the plea would not be granting him the protection of the State, but merely be the State's refraining from an illegal act—which his punishment for injury inflicted in self-defence would be. Of course, there could be a law against admitting his plea of self-defence. But such a law would be entirely outside of his principles or my proposed application of them.

As to Anarchists bunching together to defend each other, the

question of how far a man may take part in another's quarrel usually is too much one of circumstances to be always disposed of by a general rule. When a man legally interferes to protect another from violence, it must be to prevent an illegal act. But, as the Anarchist expressly denies the law's right to protect him, if the law takes him at his word, as I propose it should, no violence on him can be illegal. (5)

His principles, under my application of them, would not prevent his occupying or using land; but of course my proposed legislation would not permit him to take and keep possession of it by violence. But, if anybody else attempted to wrest it from his possession, of course the government he ignores would not, under the scheme I propose, give him any court to establish his title or get even with an aggressor. (6)

Of course, too, his principles, as I propose they should be applied, would not make it directly impossible for him "to buy and sell, to give and receive credit, to deal freely with all who voluntarily dealt with him," but he cannot in logic, and under my scheme could not in fact, get the government he repudiates to give him a court to enforce any claims he might have under all this selling and crediting and voluntary dealing. (7)

(1) Mr. Holt is not familiar with Liberty, its rank, and its history, yet he undertakes to discuss Anarchism, its logic, and the intelligence of its adherents. Pray, what are his qualifications? What has he read, and what does he know about these things?

(2) The remarks *were* partly abusive, and meant to be so, as Mr. Holt's letter was gratuitously abusive and insolent. To be sure, I know very well that Mr. Holt, generally speaking, is a superior man, and I hold him in considerable esteem. But as he discusses Anarchism in public, though knowing it only from hearsay and very superficially at that, he is, so far as Anarchism is concerned, the "shallow pretender" that I said he is.

(3) I cannot supply Mr. Holt with understanding, when his own temporarily abandons him. There was

not the least incoherence in my remarks.

(4) As Mr. Holt does not know what Anarchism is, not having read its literature, this "superior" talk about what our mind does or does not conceive is simply foolish, and requires no notice.

(5) I gather from this confusion that Mr. Holt would have the State recognize the outlawed Anarchist's right to defend himself, but refuse to allow several Anarchists to form an association for mutual protection. And on what ground? On this—that no violence on an Anarchist can be illegal, and that interference to protect anyone can be tolerated only when the object is to prevent an illegal act. Wonderful logic! If no violence on an Anarchist would be illegal, the right of self-defence, generously conceded, must be refused by Mr. Holt. How can an Anarchist be permitted to kill or attempt to kill a good State man for trying to do what is not illegal—use violence on the former? If Mr. Holt would permit an Anarchist to defend himself against a legal assault, his argument against tolerating interference on the part of other Anarchists collapses utterly. I may add that Mr. Holt's logic is on a par with his humanity and ethics. He knows but one criterion apparently—legality. If murder were not illegal, I suppose he would think it strange in anyone to object to it or to suggest the formation of voluntary associations to prevent and resist it. I advise him to read Spencer's chapter on "The Right to Ignore the State," in the first edition of "Social Statics."

(6) Thanks. We should not ask or expect the aid of the State's court, but, of course, in the name of

the first principle of justice, equal liberty, we should insist on the right to defend our possessions as well as our lives and limbs.

(7) Again, we should not ask or expect the aid of your legal machinery, but would provide our own to resist all aggression. As to what outlawed Anarchists could or could not do "in fact" as regards trading, credit, etc., it is not necessary to debate the point with Mr. Holt. We are quite willing to take our chances. There are more Anarchists and Anarchistic sympathizers in the world than the Holts imagine, and, if they ever get a chance to order their existence without the benevolent (?) and officious interference of the State, they may astonish the superstitious worshippers of "legality" by their hold on the good will of decent and thoughtful members of society. It would be a safe bet that Mr. Holt has not the remotest idea that liberty to associate for the organization and mutual insurance of credit is one of the principal things sought by the Anarchists as a means of making government superfluous. I don't believe that he knows that such liberty is now denied. He probably thinks I asked him merely if he would allow an Anarchist to run up a bill at his grocer's with the grocer's consent.

Of course, when Mr. Holt's plan is put into execution, it will be necessary to place upon the Anarchists some outward sign whereby the thug may know his legitimate prey. Suppose the plan had been adopted half a century ago. Probably Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry D. Thoreau would have been seen walking

the streets of Concord adorned with a letter A as large and scarlet as Hester Prynne's. And, if a thug had attacked Emerson, that gentle philosopher could have defended himself with impunity, but, if the more pugnacious Thoreau, stepping in to protect Emerson, had killed the thug, the State would straightway have seen to it that, instead of ourselves, the inhabitants of either heaven or hell should have the joy of reading "Walden." It is to laugh!

Auberon Herbert is dead. He was a true Anarchist in everything but name. How much better (and how much rarer) to be an Anarchist in everything but name than to be an Anarchist in name only!

The ignorant London correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," after referring to Mr. Herbert as, "after Herbert Spencer, our great Individualist," contradictorily adds: "He carried his ideas of equality to a point where he had a following which was compact and portable,—namely, himself." Now, as a matter of fact, it was hardly possible to oppose equality, in the general sense, more strenuously than Auberon Herbert did. The only equality that he believed in was equality of liberty.

In giving his reasons for dismissing from the army in disgrace a battalion of colored troops because of their failure to disclose the identity of some of their number who had been guilty of murder, Roosevelt admits that "a number of men who have no direct knowledge as to the identity of the men who actually

ed the shots will incur this extreme penalty." He thus flies squarely in the face of the professed spirit of our fundamental law, which prefers the escape of ninety-nine guilty to the punishment of a single innocent. It is the act of a tyrant for the encouragement of flunkeys. It is also, as the New York "Times" points out, "in flat contravention of that provision of the constitution which declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law'."

The Japanese problem pleases me greatly. For once Gompers and his crew, for whom I have no respect, are thoroughly consistent. Backed by both of the great parties and by Roosevelt himself, they have excluded the Chinese from this country, and now with perfect logic they demand the exclusion of the Japanese as well. Poor Roosevelt doesn't know what to do. It was easy enough to exclude emigrants coming from a weak nation like China, but to exclude emigrants coming from Japan, which has just whipped Russia, is a risky piece of business. So Teddy's activities are directed at present to the discovery of a way to deprive California of its right to control its own school system, that State having inaugurated the anti-Japanese campaign by excluding the Japanese from the ordinary schools. Strenuous Teddy has no desire to scrap with Togo. When big stick meets big stick, then comes the hug of peace.

A few months ago Roosevelt, thinking aloud, said we should "ultimately" find it necessary to limit un-

healthy fortunes. As months are ages to him, he has dropped the "ultimately," and declares it "a clear duty" to proceed to tax large fortunes and regulate "the business use" of wealth. He does not tell us what he means by the last phrase; he doesn't know himself. Is he beginning dimly to perceive that the thing needful is to prevent dishonest acquisition of wealth? If so, he had better suspend the Quixotic campaign on combinations "in restraint of trade," and devote his leisure to a study of the questions of rent, interest, and so-called profits. He may discover that the real sources of robbery and plunder he hasn't so much as touched. On the tariff swindle he is a stand-patter, and on the currency question an ignoramus.

It would be interesting to know what becomes of all the money seized by the Russian revolutionists. For the last six months we have been reading, almost daily, seemingly well-authenticated reports of seizures of immense sums of money in process of transfer. I have kept no record of these, but, making a rough guess, I should say that they must aggregate at least two millions of dollars. Now, two millions will finance a revolution of respectable proportions for a very long time; and, as this source of supply seems virtually inexhaustible, I really see no need of sending collectors to America. Indeed, I very much doubt if Gorky himself could have successfully begged more than a paltry hundred thousand from this rich nation, even had he taken the precaution to leave his sweetheart at home.

Brander Matthews, whom no one has ever accused of humor, says, in an article in the "North American Review," on "Reform and Reformers," that the "reformer is very likely to be lacking in the sense of humor." But he does *not* offer as illustrations Rabelais, Voltaire, Cervantes, Swift, Sterne, Heine, Boerne, Byron, Stchedrine, Shaw, Fulda, Mark Twain. Not every reformer is a humorist, but every real humorist is apt to be a reformer. Matthews goes on to dwell on the unpleasant characteristics of the reformers,—their violence, their recklessness, their dogmatism, their distrust of human nature,—and to quote Emerson, Lowell, and Curtis against them, incidentally misrepresenting the first-named, who disliked "professed philanthropists" as "the worst of bores and canters," but who, of course, never imagined that reformer and philanthropist would be considered synonymous terms. Now, Emerson and Lowell were themselves radicals in their day, and even Curtis was a civil service reformer and a mugwump, and, as such, an object of hatred and ridicule in "conservative" circles. But the upshot of the argument is that, objectionable as reformers are, "we [Matthewses and Philistines] ought to work with them, when we must, profiting by their zeal and utilizing their energy." One shudders to think of what would happen if the Philistines should nevertheless persist in refusing to join hands with the reformers. The world is no spring chicken, Brander, and the reformers have managed to get on without the favor and aid of the blockheads and "good citizens." We know how the nice, respectable, sane-and-safe people worked with Socrates,

Jesus, Savonarola, Bruno, More, Paine, Ruskin, the Abolitionists, and the radicals and reformers of every historical period. The future is not likely to be different from the past in this respect, yet the reformers are not at all disconsolate. It is generous of Professor Matthews to recognize the "function" of reformers in the light of history, but I venture to think that their labors would not have been entirely wasted even if he had not made his noble plea for them. By the way, is not Mr. Matthews himself a hated reformer now? Has he forgotten his spelling-reform crusade, and the compliments he and his fellow-crusaders have received from Harry T. Peck and the purists of the daily press and of "Blackwood's"? Or is he pleading for himself and confessing his own faults? If so, the Philistines will be more venomous than ever with him.

Behold the fall of a daring social speculator and Utopian! In his "Modern Utopia," H. G. Wells abolishes not only nationality, but race. Nothing but a world-republic satisfies him, and he expresses contemptuous pity for those who imagine themselves superior to this or that race. He has Anglo-Chinese marriages even—what race magnanimity and boldness! But in his "Harper's Weekly" article on America he joins the Philistine immigration restrictionists, and shakes his head gravely at the inpour of aliens who are not fit for American citizenship. He doubts the realty of the assimilation of these inferior beings. They may, he says, acquire a smattering of English and elementary political knowledge, but he smiles at the cheerful notion that this will make them desirable

additions to the population. I hope Wells the Utopian cannot hear the provincialisms and know-nothing fallacies of Wells the publicist and "searcher after realities."

The famous Russian tenor, Chaliapine, who is a personal friend of Gorky, was lately fined nearly a thousand rubles for refusing the *rôle* of Soussianine, the man who sacrifices himself to save the czar, in Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar." One may admire this tenor's independence, and still question his judgment. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" is a very remarkable musical work. Is the Revolution to obliterate it? May not an Egoist listen to "Parsifal" because it teaches the lesson of sacrifice? Must every good man in the theatrical profession decline to play the villain's part? Is the actor to sit in judgment on the author? This sort of thing will carry us far. Is it not better that we Anarchists, disciples of the devil, should inherit his monopoly of all the good tunes than that some of them should be abandoned to monarchs?

Dr. Forbes Winslow declares that statistics show that before long the number of the insane will exceed that of the sane, and the contemplation of an insane world he describes as a burning and absorbing problem. I do not appreciate the dreadfulness of the situation. When nine-tenths of the people have become insane, they will build asylums for the sane. Will the difference be so very great? Do you say that then the insane will kill each other by wholesale? But that is precisely what the sane are doing now.

And is it not better that the insane should kill each other than that the sane should kill each other?*

The New York "Evening Post," speaking of the Rand School of Social Science, says that, "situated on East Nineteenth street, where the East Side joins the old residential region below Gramercy Park, it is a natural rendezvous for the professional Socialists of the proletariat and the amateur Socialists of the well-to-do classes." When I was looking for an office for Liberty last January, it must have been sheer intuition that guided me to the corner of East Nineteenth street and Fourth avenue. Liberty's windows command a near view of the former homes of Courtlandt Palmer, Colonel Ingersoll, and Samuel J. Tilden, but not until I learned it from the "Evening Post" did I know that I had dropped into the very heart of the Socialist quarter. Where Anarchism is not, there is my country.

A quasi-humorous and quasi-learned editorial appeared in the New York "Evening Sun" on Roosevelt's spelling reform order. With the aid of the "intelligent compositor," the writer overwhelmed the readers of his paper with an array of unfamiliar names. We find Wilhelm von Humboldt, Hobbes, Locke, and other—to lower New York—mysterious strangers somehow dragged into the discussion, and we get to this delightful paragraph [Italics mine]:

* As an editorial paragraph strikingly similar to the above appeared in the New York "Times" of October 6, it may be well to anticipate the charge of plagiarism by stating that my own paragraph was written on October 5.

Those who approve of the institution of spelling reform by executive order can have no sympathy with the modern doctrine of non-intervention by the State formulated by Locke, when he declared that government had no other end than the preservation of property. And much less can they accept the doctrines of Mill, Dunoyer, and Spencer. It is needless to say that such extreme individualists as Max Stirner, *Bakounine*, and *Audubon* Herbert would have regarded official interference with the dictionary as even more objectionable than the health laws or police regulations, that they abhorred.

The writer, I suspect, is a student of the literature catalogued by me, and possibly also of Liberty. Let him persevere, by all means, but I would recommend the cultivation of a sense of proportion and fitness, and of the "light touch." Heavy artillery is not used to crush a few weary, footsore, and shivering "invaders."

Can good come out of a purity convention? Yes, apparently. In October such a national convention was held at Chicago, and a surprising revolt against Comstockism was manifested in the remarks of several delegates. Comstock's whole policy was assailed as worse than futile, and some went so far as to recommend the teaching of sex physiology and hygiene in the schools. Comstock, by the way, was to have attended the convention as a delegate, but he stayed away, pleading sickness. Perhaps he knew that some of the delegates were men who were very sick—of him.

The Brazilian ambassador, arriving in New York by steamer the other day, created an excitement by refusing to answer the impudent and ridiculous questions put by the immigration officials to every alien

reaching these shores. Dubbing these questions a rigmarole, the New York "Evening Post" says:

It sufficiently illustrates the fantastic and offensive attitude of our government towards travellers. Gratuitously offensive, one must add, for it cannot be maintained for a moment that it is necessary thus to quiz all comers in order that really undesirable immigrants may be weeded out. To suppose anything of the kind is to imply criminality as characteristic of all first-cabin passengers and idiocy of all port officials. This foolish inquisition is one of the remaining methods of barbarism which we trust congress will soon remove.

Liberty said all this as long ago as last February, and said it better. Why do people continue to buy the "Evening Post," when back numbers of Liberty are cheaper?

The appointment of Lawson Purdy as president of the New York department of taxes strikes me as an anomaly. I do not understand why a community which wishes to tax personal property should entrust the job to a man who does not believe in taxing personal property, and still less do I understand how a man who thinks it unjust to tax personal property can engage in the business of taxing it. But Mr. Purdy is an exceptionally clean and honest man, and there is no doubt that he has found a way of reconciling these things that is satisfactory to himself. The "Public" says that Mr. Purdy "is probably the first man of really scientific attainments as an expert in taxation to be placed at the head of the taxing machinery of a large municipality." That sounds very pretty. But, if we say that he is probably the first man of really scientific attainments as an expert in legal robbery to

be placed at the head of the legal-robbing machinery of a large municipality, it doesn't sound as pretty, though we really say precisely the same thing in other words. One of the Anarchist stickers reads as follows: "The institution known as 'government' cannot continue to exist unless many a man is willing to be government's agent in committing what he himself regards as an abominable crime." Writing to my friend, C. E. S. Wood, I happened to put this sticker on the envelope. He returned the envelope with the following question written against the sticker: "For instance?" This paragraph is my answer.

Maxim Gorky came to this country with a woman whom no priest had pronounced his wife, and he found not where to lay his head. Tom Platt's wife trapped him in a house of questionable character, and the Easy Boss has gone to a ruin which he richly deserves, but not for this reason. Enrico Caruso is said to have rubbed his hand three times against a woman's dress in the park, and it is probable that the American public, cutting off its nose to spite its face, will visit a contemptuous and annihilating wrath upon the great tenor, with the result that he may never sing here another season. And, while we are thus engaged in magnifying peccadilloes, men of eminent respectability in the South are killing right and left, and men of eminent respectability in the North are stealing right and left, and nothing is being done to stop them; on the contrary, they are growing daily in prosperity and power. It is evident that, in the international economy, it is the special function of these

United States to pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin.

The New York "Times," in reviewing H. G. Wells's new romance, "In the Days of the Comet," remarks: "What he has to say upon the question of the love of men and women has aroused not a little disturbance in England, but will not cause a ripple of excitement here. Life is too short, and we are too busy." Let me see, was it during Holiday Week that Gorky and his sweetheart reached these shores?

Some years ago, because I refused to allow that the State should have an authority over infants superior to that of the mother, J. Wm. Lloyd shook the dust of Liberty from his feet and marched off in high dudgeon. The inevitable has happened. Mr. Lloyd is now a State Socialist.

The New York "Times" is of the opinion that, in upholding the decent and the wholesome in literature, it will never be able to discourage a new Goethe or Heine. Liberty agrees with the "Times," and is glad to see that it has so accurate an idea of the limitations of its power.

Joseph E. Gary, the murderer of Spies, Parsons, Fisher, Engel, and Lingg, is dead, at last. Fortunately there is no law, *as yet*, to compel us to weep.

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The Festivities of the Knout

After ordering the priest to administer the sacraments to the inhabitants of the village, the chief of the district of Kerson commanded the Cossacks to whip them to death. The butchery lasted four hours.

THE LIEUTENANT.—Stupid brute! You killed her too quickly; she wasn't even made to tell where her money is.

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THE TRUANTS.

Sitting Raven had asked the Agent for a permit to leave the Reservation, and had been refused. He said nothing. The matter was settled, and the Agent smoked with keen satisfaction at his wise firmness in handling these Nature children.

Sitting Raven folded his black-white-and-red striped blanket about him with the grace and ease possible only when we do instinctive things; untied his spotted cayuse with the roached mane and malevolent eye; re-ed the hair bridle about the patient under-jaw; calmly lifted himself into the saddle (letting his blanket drop carelessly about his loins and legs); and soon the eagle feather, bristling up from his glossy black hair, was disappearing over a roll in the sage-brush toward the canyon where were his conical, smoke-browned teepee, his faithful, unquestioning Silver Breeze, and Little Squirrel, their four-year-old daughter. When he had been refused his liberty, Sitting Raven had not even tossed his black braids with an impatient hand. He had not, as a truly civilized man would have done, taken it out on the horse; not that Sitting Raven cared any more for the horse than the white man would, but he cared too much for himself to exhibit emotion and become a laughing stock to the whites. Nevertheless, he was bitten to the heart. He wanted to hunt venison for the winter. He wanted to get trout, which Silver Breeze would split and smoke on one of those airy willow-scaffoldings, which looked as if roofed with fire, where the sun shone red through the fish.

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Silver Breeze wanted to dig the aromatic wild anise-root and the sweet bulb of the camas, and to begin to teach Little Squirrel to know these various, delicious gifts of the Great Mother. To that Great Earth Mother he appealed his troubles: "Were not my fathers and my fathers' fathers here before the White Man came? Did I journey here in a wagon, as a vagabond, from afar? No. I was born here. The earth is my mother, and I am a child of this very breast. Oh, my Mother, are not my father's bones buried in your bosom? Are not the shades of my ancestors all around me, wondering how long I will endure this? Who made me a slave, or gave the White Man right to say when I shall come and whither I shall go? Who is it shall put a chain upon me?—I who have done no evil thing. Was I not born free, and shall a white man who laughs like a coyote and wears glass shields over his eyes say where I must stay? I will not act any more like a coward or like a child. I have a right to be free, and I will go." The pine trees shook their spices over him and nodded, "Go." The breeze clapped his lean and sinewy back and said, "Go." The sun laughed among the pine tassels and played with the round bright leaves of the manzanita, and said, "Go." And the waters of the creek, where stood his fragile home,—and there it was now, among the willows,—murmured and chuckled, "Go." A magpie spread its black-and-white beauty to the air and sailed down the canyon, shrieking, "Why, in the name of the Great Earth Mother, don't you go? Weren't you born even as free as I?"

Sitting Raven unsaddled his horse and turned him loose, and, striding with great dignity to the camp fire, he said, in deep, musical tones: "To-morrow we will go." Silver Breeze smiled. Indian wives never question, never debate, never suspect. [Let me pause here to heave one profound sigh.]

Next morning their departure was witnessed only by the birds, the pine squirrels, and the paling, countless stars. Silver Breeze rode first, astride, with her knees nearly up to her chin, and surrounded by ragged bundles and furry bales. Little Squirrel came next, on a woebegone two-year-old colt, as big as a large dog, and apparently moth-eaten. Then came the cavalcade so industriously packed by Silver Breeze: the white horse with sore eyes carried the teepee; the sorrel ghost, bark-boxes and rawhide bags, filled with wild huckleberries, dried wild cherries, dry camas, jerked beef, sugar, matches, soap, and flour. Next, minced along the trail a sad piebald, with all manner of bundles of all manner of colors, a red blanket showing among rabbit-skin robes and bear pelts. Another sorrel, with white face and pink eyes, with more rawhide bags, some horsehair and rawhide ropes, an ax, some great shallow water-tight baskets, and a sheet-iron kettle on top. Lastly plodded a wan, white, wall-eyed mare, with a piebald foal behind her. She was loaded with more robes and skins and blankets,—the precious store of meagre poverty. Sitting Raven brought up the rear on the roach-maned piebald, and, as the sorry little train wound along the hillside, he surveyed it with calm dignity, ever and anon dropping the lash of his elkhorn quirt mechanically on the

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flank of his horse.

The procession flitted along the mountain, winding in and out among the young pines and over fallen logs. Sitting Raven was happy. He took deeper breaths. He looked out over the pale bluish valley. He looked up between the gently swaying pinetops into the bright blue sky. He was traveling the piney trail and breathing the balsamic air, without permit from any man. He was free.

They camped by an eddying pool, close to which he made a great beehive, of willows bent over and covered with sod. It was just big enough to hold him. He built a roaring fire, and heated rocks from the brook, and put them red-hot into the beehive, and then, naked, he crawled in there with water in one of the water-tight baskets, and he splashed this over the stones, till from steam and sweat he was dripping like an otter; Silver Breeze having first thrown a blanket over the hole by which he crawled in. Then he walked into the cold pool, and rolled about in it like a beaver. He called to Little Squirrel, who came to him and, dropping her one garment, swam with him, and they frolicked like a bear and her cub. Now he was ready to hunt, and in the morning, before daylight, he would be slipping through the forest, over the carpet of pine-needles damp with the morning, and he would come upon the deer as noiselessly as the cloud shadows which flit through the forest. But a low, soft, guttural call from Silver Breeze caught his ear. He wrapped himself in his blanket, and went to her. Behold, here was a government forest ranger, who gave him to understand that all this land and all the

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forest and all the streams belonged to the Great Father (a purely mythical person), who allowed no one in the timber reservation to hunt or build fires without permission, and he asked to see Sitting Raven's permit to be off the Indian Reservation; but Sitting Raven stood stiff and calm as one of the great pine trees and refused to understand anything, and refused to speak, but stood in silence, like a part of the mountain. Then the ranger ordered him out of the timber reserve and kicked out the fire, over which Silver Breeze was boiling an ox heart, with flour and wild garlic. Sitting Raven saw that the forest ranger carried a rifle, and, as cartridges were too precious with him to be wasted on a White Man (who could not be eaten), he, sullenly, and Silver Breeze, submissively, ate of their dried food, and next morning, like an antlered buck, he led his confiding ones lower down, out of the forest reserve, as the ranger had indicated.

Here he came upon three men, well armed, who stopped him and demanded his permit, and, when he would show none, and would not talk with them, they threatened to arrest him, and ordered him out of the mountains, saying this was the timber land belonging to white men, who owned the land and all that was on it, and the air above it. So Sitting Raven, with a fire in his heart, left the mountains, and came out into the bright sunshine of the great valley, where ran the white dusty road into the purple horizon. On each side of this road was a barbed-wire fence, and down this armored lane the procession started, now led by Sitting Raven. It was so dusty that the horses sank

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half-way to their knees in the soft powder and stirred up suffocating clouds. Still under the burning sun they plodded on. Sitting Raven saw on each side of him great plains, where certainly were plenty of rabbits and where there ought to be antelope. He saw a willow-shaded stream where there should be trout. But always the fence denied him. They could not even get water to drink. Always the horrible wires bristled at them. They came to a ranch, and he started in to water his herd, but the men drove him off angrily. It was very far between ranches in that barren country, and each time that they tried to drink they were ordered away. So all day long they traveled, thirsty, between the relentless lines of barbed wire. If Little Squirrel had not been an Indian baby, she would have fretted and cried, but she took it just as the little colt did, or just as a little bear cub would, silently.

When it was really dusk, they came to Johnson's ranch, and Bill Johnson looked upon them and said they could camp for the night in his corral, "But be damned careful about fires." Sitting Raven nodded that he would be most damned careful; and at last the barbed-wire wall opened and the little pack herd stampeded to a warm and sluggish irrigation-ditch which crept through a corner of the corral. Silver Breeze and Little Squirrel pushed in on the upper side, and knelt and drank, also. It was not like the cool and sparkling water of the mountains, but they drank, and drank again. Then Silver Breeze went about her business, and soon the dusty packs of pathetic poverty were arranged in a small semi-circle, enclosing Sitting

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Raven, Silver Breeze, and Little Squirrel, as was proper and the custom. The stars took their places, and the world slept.

Next morning Bill Johnson saw the haggard Indian herd sniffing starvingly about his corral, and picking up here and there a straw. The sun was growing warm, but, within the circle of packs, Sitting Raven, Silver Breeze, and Little Squirrel still slept. "Damned lazy Indians," swore Bill, and he strode over to the silent camp to awake them. But for them no more the piney trail or sunny desert; no more awaking. Chubby Little Squirrel lay with her baby throat cut, as if she had been a little pig; the blue-bead necklace about the soft brown throat of Silver Breeze was sullied with her blood; and close by her side slept Sitting Raven himself. He had signed for them all the everlasting permit to be free, and within the small circle of their paltry possessions, as was the custom, they slept on.

FRANCIS DU BOSQUE.

SHAW ON THE RIGHT TO KILL.

Our friend Shaw—there's only one—has been shocking the dullards of Anglo-Saxondom by an "attack" on the "Thou shalt not kill" commandment. His own feeling, he says, is that we are not doing enough killing. Why should useless, superfluous, dangerous, and mischievous creatures be suffered to occupy space and appropriate food and material for raiment? Because they are human? But this answer, to Shaw, appears a clear instance of question-begging. If human life is sacred, it must be because human life is

presumed to be useful, to say the least; but, where the utility is absent, or actually converted into harmfulness, the sacredness vanishes, and it is permissible, if not laudable, to relieve the crowded little earth of such burdens.

This, I take it, is the Shaw position, paradoxically put to stir up the Philistines, but seriously maintained *au fond*. But there are other objections to the Shaw plan than those advanced by the witless respectables. Indeed, the method he would employ to weed out the worthless brothers and sisters into the Unknowable involves a grave fallacy.

What he facetiously proposes is a public inquisition authorized to summon every man and woman at fixed periods (say, every five years), and demand of them proof that they deserve to live on. They must show affirmatively that they are doing as much for society as it is doing for them. Those who fail, he says, should be sent to the lethal chamber and gently dispatched into the limitless universe.

Such a proposal is characteristic of the Statist, the restrictionist. No libertarian, however ready he might be to deny the sacredness of human life, would propose an inquisition or the sentencing of superfluous and useless persons to death. The trouble with Shaw is that he puts the burden of proof on the wrong shoulders.

An intelligent society establishes right conditions of life, labor, distribution, and exchange, and renders it impossible for men to oppress and exploit other men "in the regular course of business." It prescribes, in addition, penalties for violation or infringement upon

those individual rights which are the corollaries of the principles whereon the society is founded. Under such a state of things the individual is free and safe until some one complains of him and proves him guilty of aggression. The court, or inquisition if you will, tries alleged offenders, but no one who is not, by some one, definitely accused of an offence need apprehend impertinent interference.

In other words, in the right sort of a society, each member is presumed useful, or at least harmless, presumed to live on his own honest earnings, or on honest earnings left or transferred to him by some one else, and the only person disturbed is a supposed invader, the burden of proof always being on those who prefer charges of invasion.

Mr. Shaw may assert that this is a purely Utopian conception, that it is impossible to establish conditions and lay down principles that would warrant the general presumption of worthiness. But, if this be his position, how is any one to prove his right to continued existence before any inquisition? Proof of anything implies an appeal to standards and principles of individual and social relations.

It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the Philistine critics of Shaw did not detect the real fallacy in his proposal. One of them, the "Topics" man of the New York "Times," attempted to be very "scientific." Here is his comment on the inquisition-and-lethal-chamber scheme:

> There are a good many men and a few women who have no obvious excuse for being alive; who, if requested to give one, would find difficulty in doing it. That, in a way, warrants the

establishment of lethal chambers, but there would be some rather large obstacles to be overcome before entirely satisfactory boards of judges to serve in the Shawian courts could be selected. If they could all be appointed by Mr. Shaw himself, the task would be easy, and of course it would be perfectly performed. The trouble is that he could not get the job except by the votes of the very people whom he would at once declare unfitted for existence, and then the whole plan would break down.

If Mr. Shaw would only look sharp, he would notice that his scheme was invented and put in force by "Nature" more than a few hundred years ago, and that since then the killing of the unfit has been constant and of enormous extent. Mr. Shaw is himself the product of this process, just as all the rest of us are, and he may be sure that, if he or we cease to be useful, "Nature" will put us out of the way in short order, or at least in good time for "Nature's" purposes.

This is very "important—if true." But how does it happen that so many unfit politicians, employers, lawyers, journalists, not only live, but flourish? How does it happen that the most worthless are the "fittest" in modern society? The "Topics" man has yet to learn that, where the environment and conditions are "rotten," the rottenest creatures are the fittest to survive in that environment. "Nature" troubles herself little about the ideals of worth preferred either by Shaw or by the "Topics" man. Our business is to create conditions that will favor the preservation of just and humane men. That done, nature will come to our aid and weed out the unfit—the aggressors, imbeciles, and good-for-nothings. What right conditions are, and how they are to be established, is another story.

S. R.

Thoughts compelled from out the hidden
Frequently are inexact;
But the thought that comes unbidden
Is the one that fits the fact.
—*Rabbi Ben Gessing.*

UNBIDDEN THOUGHTS

Pennsylvania's new capitol, that cost four millions when it was done, and thirteen millions after the graft had been added, is worthy of President Roosevelt and the brass band, both present at its dedication last month to discourse according to their gifts. It is well that such scenes are photographed and phonographed for future reference, for they will not be known in the original to remote posterity. Some day brass bands driven by human wind-power will be superseded and suppressed, as G. B. Shaw foresees, by mechanical tune-pushers, actuated by electricity, and so harnessed to the proper instruments that they will, so to say, play themselves.

And it is not telephoning too long a distance, I hope, to predict that future presidential addresses will be elicited from machines built on the same principle, —that is, in such a manner that, by passing sounds through some sort of a modulator, words will be produced corresponding in significance to the ideas of the crowd in front of the grand stand. The talk-producer of the future must, of course, be set in motion by the chairman of the meeting, and in that respect it will resemble the distinguished speaker of the present; but it will possess the advantage, which the orators of today have not, of being susceptible of control when it roars, and of suspension when it has said enough.

If we had any way to stop our orators when they begin to run emptyings, or to suppress them when they put on their glasses and pull a manuscript on us, they might be permitted to endure; but, as the case is, they are going to be crowded to the rear by the dirigible and suspensible speech-maker here foretold; and we shall know what we have gained when this fruit of invention is perfected and we have had a chance to contrast its work with what the world calls oratory and statesmanship to-day.

The mechanical declaimer will not of necessity be sedentary. Set on the rear end of a railway car, it may perambulate the country, carrying delight wherever it goes and leaving eloquence in its train (pun unavoidable), but needing no guard of secret service men to protect its parts from being violently disassembled by enemies of the social order. It will make talk cheaper than ever. Established in the White House, it will emancipate the industrious artificer of addresses for delivery at Mothers' Meetings, Wesleyan anniversaries, and Holy Name congresses. Fed with reports of the corn crop in Kansas, it will turn out such Thanksgiving proclamations as will make us forget the earthquake and fire in San Francisco and the hurricane on the gulf coast. It will win its way to the pulpit, and thence deliver sermons without human intervention, and hence without liability to error. There will be no clerical indiscretions then, and no heretical utterances. Safe, sane, and conservative orthodoxy is assured, patriotism protected, decency defended, righteousness promoted, and race suicide

exposed by the mechanical moralizer, warranted to emit words to fit the ideas of the crowd in front of the grand stand.

What I intended to say about Pennsylvania's new capitol at Harrisburg, when diverted from my theme to follow the scientific imagination, is that the people of the State have chosen an expensive medium for advertising their inability to govern themselves. If they could not be reconciled to concealing their pride in this, and were resolved on publicity, they might have got the fact before the world at smaller cost by buying space in the "Ladies' Home Journal." And they have failed in another way of compelling attention to the subject, by not making their penitentiary more conspicuous and ornate. They spend too much proportionately on their capitol as an ad., and do not get the circulation they ought to for their money. I hope they have not overlooked the fact that a Statehouse is the same kind of evidence as a penitentiary. The two institutions are triplets, the third being the courthouse. These are monuments to the felonies of man, as churches are to his superstitions. The conjugality of the court and jail is confessed by putting the two under the same roof, or by joining them together. The family should be united by hitching the capitol on to its mates. Then it would be seen in a minute that, by spending thirteen million dollars on a Statehouse and barely one million on a penitentiary, the system of criminal edifices is thrown out of proportion.

The new capitol will be shown to visitors in Harrisburg, and the man on the rubberneck wagon will in-

flate his chest so as to give extraordinary force to his language as he dilates on its good points. He will look about him in a lower tone of voice, and display a subdued and gloomy pride, if any at all, when the wagon passes the best jails in the city. You can't blame him. It is not in his day's work to explain that a Statehouse is as much a matter for regret as a State prison; but reflection calls to our bosoms that sad conclusion. The capitol costs more, first, last, and all the time, to erect it, maintain it, and support its inmates; it produces less that is valuable to the community, and more that is useless, if not deleterious; and I am not sure that, when the chaplain appears to discharge his duty at a dollar a minute, he addresses his prayer to an honester set of men than are lined up to hear what the chaplain of the penitentiary has to say to them.

The Statehouse belongs to the department of charities and correction. The statesman is vouchsafed to us that through him our errors may be made manifest. Doubtless there is need enough of him; only he is so much grander than the citizen, and comes so high, that he is like an *édition de luxe* on hand-made paper, hand-illumined, tree-calf covers, and gilt edges, to show forth the "errata" of a book printed on common clay paper and bound in rags.

If the people who support public institutions were as well housed as the inmates of them, they would never be able to pay their rent, the same being sumptuous to excess. Nearly twenty years ago I was riding in a cable car, with my intended, past San Francisco's

handsome and commodious orphan asylum, which is situated in the pleasantest part of the city. As I took in the beautiful grounds, made homelike by trees, flowers, and a garden, and viewed the set of buildings that afforded such comfortable quarters, I spoke the thought which arose in my mind by remarking to my future wife, who blushed, that, if we ever had any children, my best hope for them was that they would be orphans.

The reformer who is elected is lost. All the defeated candidates in the late election who hoped to prove themselves saviours of society in office may find consolation in that solemn thought; and, if any of them is pious, there is no objection to his regarding his unsuccess as providential. The salvation of all reforms is that they get left at the polls. I had a great admiration for Henry George, and voted for him for mayor when he ran the first time. Afterwards, when the great truth enunciated at the opening of this paragraph dawned upon me, I smote my head in dismay at the possibility of his election and my complicity in his ruin. The Single Tax idea has some vitality, but it would scarcely have survived that misfortune. Besides his followers being disappointed of the promised blessings, scoffers, as in the days of Peter, walking after their own lusts, would have gone about asking: "Where is the sign of its coming, since all things continue as they were from the beginning?" It is the stoned prophet who stands to win in the long run.

I lost confidence in the sagacity of Mr. George when

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he ran for mayor the second time, for one is short-sighted, as I then perceived, who supposes that a reform can be advanced by putting its advocate in office. There has been one great reform in my day—the abolition of chattel slavery; and we should not have got that by voting for Abolitionists. It was effected by a man who had never been an Abolitionist, and who, when a member of congress, introduced a resolution to extend the Fugitive Slave Law over the District of Columbia. Mr. Lincoln's good work in making the slave a freeman was largely neutralized, after abolition had been indorsed by the ballot, by making the emancipated person a voter.

I should grieve to see the Single Tax idea sacrificed, or its propaganda languish, because, while that idea may be an "economic fallacy," it is the only doctrine I know of, with any adherents, that visits the seat of our economic pain, which is the land. The Single Tax is on the ground.

In the State where I reside there was a ballot-box victory for some reform or other a year ago. The reformers did not make good, and this year they were discontinued. All that the voters have recovered from the wreck of their expectations is the Bishops' Sunday law, which puts New Jersey in a twenty-four hours' trance once a week.

The political victory's only rivals in the *rôle* of a hollow mockery are some of those victories which, in a loose manner of speaking, are attributed to the sword. Our victorious war with Spain, adding to our collection of ethnological curiosities and entailing a vocabulary

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of tropical islands occupied by depressed peoples, has not been good for our health. It has undermined our constitution, and caused our devotion to flag. Invasion follows the flag when thus used as a verb in the infinitive.

Woman suffrage boasts no triumphs to compare with its defeats, and yet women have advanced further without the ballot than men have with it. Man has never made a patentable improvement on himself by means of the ballot. The Freethinkers have carried no election as such. Politics is still adjusted to the ideas of the revivalist exhorter, and a vote of confidence in the book of Jonah would not fail to carry at any town meeting or voting precinct in this officially orthodox republic. It is the logic of these remarks that the triumph of intelligence waits on Anarchy, whose adherents vote under protest or not at all.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE SOLUTION OF THE "NEGRO PROBLEM"

In a highly-civilized community—in an Anarchistic one, for instance—there would be no such thing as a "problem" arising merely out of the difference in the color of people's skins. At any rate, so far as the administration of justice would be concerned, the question of whether a person's skin was white, black, brown, red, or yellow, or any of the intermediate shades between any two of these colors, would not enter into consideration; in fact, it would not so enter into any application of the law of equal freedom. The purely social or commercial treatment which one

individual would accord to another, however, would naturally be governed by the approbation or disapprobation in which one individual would hold the characteristics of another; and, should certain characteristics be racial, and be frequently manifested, and be distasteful to the people of another race, present racial antipathies would persist, though of course only to a non-invasive degree.

But the people of the United States are confronted by a real race problem, and they have tried in many and various ways to solve it. The white people of the North have offered many solutions, ranging from the impracticable and futile to the stupid and absurd. The white people of the South, forced to be at least practical by the pressing necessities of their situation, have frankly and brutally resorted to force in their attempt to maintain their supremacy over the negroes. In every practical solution that I have seen offered by white people there has been a proposed violation of the law of equal freedom, and in very few—if in any—of the proposed solutions has there been a recognition of the fact that the white people themselves are responsible for the presence of the negroes in large numbers in this country, that they are responsible for their economic condition, and that they are absolutely responsible for their social position. Of course I recognize that, in one sense, this latter statement is a mere truism; but, if concrete evidence were needed, it is afforded in the social equality that is accorded (questions of wealth and education being considered) to the negro in various European countries.

Now, it has been left to the negroes themselves to apply the rational solution of the problem,—that is to say, the Anarchistic one.*

The report comes from South Carolina that the negroes of that State have made a more or less concerted effort to stop lynching, and the result, if the effort is persisted in, will be to secure for the negro, not only immunity from lynching, but also as much political freedom as the white people enjoy. They have blacklisted such men as they consider responsible for the use of illegal violence against them. This means simply that they refuse to work for them. There is one case in Saint George where a planter has lost thousands of dollars through his inability to get the negroes to work for him, for his cotton is rotting in the fields. Eagerly lawless when he could induce his fellow-whites to lynch the negroes, this planter now (finding himself unable otherwise to force the negroes to work for him) promptly resorts to the law, and has twelve of the leaders of the boycott arrested on the charge of "conspiracy"! He thinks that he has the magistrates on his side, and doubtless he will experience little difficulty in securing the conviction and imprisonment of those arrested. But that will not cause his cotton to be gathered, and, if the negroes are wise, they will continue to decline to work for him, for it is physically impossible for all of them to be put in jail, even if a majority of the white people in the State are willing to sanction such a glaring attempt to resuscitate

* I do not at this moment recall that anybody has publicly proposed this solution, but perhaps my memory is at fault. I have myself, however, many times suggested it in private discussions of the question.

human slavery.

The negroes of the South have the white people of that section in their power, and they can exercise that power without the commission of a single overt act. I hope that the example thus set by the negroes of South Carolina will be followed all over the South. If this were to be done, the most disturbing features would be eliminated from the negro question. C. L. S.

THE VOICE OF THE "EINZIGE" IN FRANCE

It is more than astonishing to find such an article as the following, an article which would have delighted Stirner's heart, in the place of honor in so reactionary a journal as the Paris "Figaro," and especially over the signature, "Fœmina." In translating it for Liberty, I crave the honor of subscribing to its each and every syllable.

"My friend," wrote the Marquise de Lambert to her son, "never indulge yourself in any follies save those that give you pleasure."

How well I like this advice! It bears witness to such good observation of self and others, to so exact a sense of reality!

If we were to limit our activity to the things that give us sincere pleasure,—folli , frivolities, great deeds, playthings,—life would at once become simple, easy, and—yes, in very truth—much more moral.

In every one of us—or in almost every one—there are two personages: the real one, and another one manufactured by public opinion, by imitation, by vanity and stupidity. This second individual dominates the primitive individual, compels his respect, forbids him to express his wants, to formulate his dreams.

By reducing him to silence and quiescence, this bad master enervates, paralyzes, destroys his slave. He soon reigns alone over a territory which does not belong to him and which he governs ill. It is he who gives us tastes contrary to our instinct, urges us in paths that are not our paths, hurls us into adventures for which we were in no way destined, imposes upon us artificial passions, gloomy follies, mortally wearisome diversions, and, to finish his imbecile work, persuades us that all of it is the result of our free choice.

Hardly any one lives by himself and for himself. Generally our virtues and our vices are foreign constructions. Our opinions do not belong to us; we receive them from external circumstances, they are not born in our blood. We attack what we ought to defend, we devote ourselves to causes which logically we should combat. Unconscious of our real personality, we carefully play a *rôle* which we take seriously. And with what stupefaction we view those who, escaping the bad master, satisfy their instincts, think according to their temperament, love, hate, suffer, and enjoy with their fibres and not with an imagination deformed by examples and habits! These indulge themselves only in those follies that give them pleasure, and so they indulge themselves less than others, and their existence, when viewed closely, is seen to be a very reasonable one. Yet they seem to us odd, abnormal; they scandalize us. "What originals!" we say with a tinge of contempt, we who endeavor to copy so faithfully the emotions, ideas, and behavior of our neighbor, who in turn is the precise counterpart of his neighbor.

In truth, we prefer no matter what effort to that of knowing ourselves and feeling and thinking by ourselves. The desire to imitate is stronger than hunger and love.

Every morning, opinion, fashion, revolutions, order and disorder, are reborn of this universal and burning desire to do as others do, which throws men out of their beds and sends them to work, to play, to crime, to self-sacrifice.

Each goes in search of the group to which he belongs, and which has remade him in its image. But who dreams of choosing his own pleasure, his real pleasure? Nobody! We look for pleasure to things in which one or several persons have told us that they found their pleasure. If these things do not suit us; if they deceive us; if they disappoint us,—it will be a proof that life is detestable, that's all! In fact, it is bad, and particularly for those who take it in the wrong way,—that is, all of us!

When Madame de Lambert advised her son to commit only those follies in which he found real charm, she put him on guard against the danger of confounding his vanity with his passions, of subordinating his aspirations, whether reasonable or unreasonable, to opinion,—in short, of imitating instead of living.

Imitation gives us more faults than virtues. And how many faults it gives us. . . . . One does not become a drunkard because of frequent thirst and because one drinks with pleasure, but from drinking when not thirsty with other people who are drinking.

It would take a great amount of energy to refrain from doing—even if one is little tempted—what one

sees done around him. It is too difficult! We yield! We imitate; we repeat the imitation; we become accustomed to it; and then we decorate the habit formed with the name of pleasure. One really has to excuse himself to himself for having acted in spite of himself. But, if this habit is ill adapted to your person, it will injure you by separating you from yourself, however good and excellent it may be, this habit borrowed through weakness. Why did you not seek elsewhere a satisfaction involving no lie?

The morbid *ennui*, the discouragement with which so many beings drag themselves through their amusements, among brilliant careers, surrounded by an apparently harmonious family, is an unconscious remorse at having missed something magnificent and important. Certainly they have missed something,—their life, nothing more,—and all for not having had the energy to do the extravagant or rational deed that suited their inner personality; for having avoided the folly—or the wisdom—in which their pleasure lay.

We all have capacities of enjoyment; we all have an object to attain. In order to enjoy and to realize, one must seek one's pleasure; that is a surer morality than to follow in a dispirited fashion a flock which does not know, either, where it is going.

It will be objected that human beings are sufficiently inclined to run after their own satisfaction, and often by the worst roads. I flatly deny it. There are few people sincerely attached to the pursuit of their pleasure, if we except the sinister maniacs of vice,—but these are sick people, of which we need not speak. I am thinking only of the worthy persons, almost nor-

mal, who go about hap-hazard, who do not know their own law, who are profoundly ignorant of their own needs, and who choose their acts as they choose for their summer holiday a site whose picturesqueness is declared to them by an illustrated poster. One would like to say to these people: Not simply should you rush into those follies alone that give you real joy, but, further, you should do only that which you feel a keen temptation to do, without exterior incitement, without first looking to see what others do, without concerning yourself about the state of astonishment into which you may plunge the public or your friends, without any thought of the public.

How many rash and guilty acts would be avoided by such a method! How many courageous acts would be accomplished!

Fear and love of opinion for the vain, imitation for the weak,—those are the two mainsprings of morality and its opposite. Would not the simple, sane, and sincere search for one's own pleasure give better results, more satisfying to human pride?

In one of his speeches in the Long Parliament, Cromwell said that what is done doubtfully is a sin. I am quite of his opinion. And we do doubtfully all that vital instinct does not dictate, all that is suggested in opposition to ourselves, all that we discuss at first in order to resolve upon afterwards in spite of a weak protest from within. It is true that we perform automatically every day a multitude of acts which we do not discuss for a moment. I do not look upon these as better than the acts of suggestion or of vanity. The only good acts are those of ardor, passion, enthu-

siasm,—the acts of impulse. Impulse is the movement of the inner being, of the being that knows what it wants and what suits it. Even when this movement is bad, I prefer it to those that are prompted by opinion and debility. And be very sure that, if they could take place without hindrance, in full liberty, the impulsive actions would often be excellent. But even the maddest of the impulsives undergo the pressure of their surroundings, and, whatever they may do, are always a little restrained, always lie a little to themselves.

Yet in every one's memory there is some one of those sudden movements that upset domesticated egoisms and create disorder. Question yourself closely: do you regret the things which you did with a start, in a fever, in extreme emotion, to satisfy a violent need of the heart, of the mind, of the blood? Do you regret the unmeasured generosity whose consequences became a burden to you later? Or those frantic decisions in which you sacrificed everything to a passion too strong to be counterbalanced? Or those violences which gave vent to accumulated heartburnings? Or the absurd frankness which destroyed a "fine future" to gain the liberty needful to your pride? Do you regret those things that resemble neither the dull follies into which we sink from habit or the showy follies in which we compromise ourselves in order that people may say of us: "What an astonishing person!"? Do you regret the follies that "pay," to use the American expression?

I do not believe it. We regret those follies whose disastrous ending we foresaw at the moment when we

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took the plunge. There are follies which we regret before realizing them ; these are the most numerous, the ones that we should avoid.

But we regret also many acts that are called reasonable ; we sometimes regret having stifled an extravagant dream in order to take a companion, of one sex or the other, who was not chosen for pleasure's sake. We regret having entered upon a career very well adapted to those who recommended it to us, and very ill adapted to ourselves. We regret having bought a house that we did not much want, in order to give a better idea of our fortune. We regret, and greatly, having broken an arm in an automobile accident, after taking up automobiling simply to imitate everybody. We deplore the stomach-ache given us by a dinner at which we were terribly bored. We regret so many things ! having so carefully cultivated false friends, and allowed true ones to depart . . . . for one has hardly room for true friends among all these tasks performed in order to be thought well of and to resemble others. We regret the time, the long time, lost in running after what we did not want, in keeping by us people that were unattractive to us, in assuming fatiguing duties without compensation, in forcing ourselves, without aim or result, to tell useless lies . . . . and we regret also having spent our money for appearance instead of to satisfy our real tastes; having been faithful or unfaithful out of snobbishness.

When we reflect upon it, we perceive that nowhere, at no time, have we sought our pleasure. We perceive that we have forgotten to live, and we regret it . . . . when we reflect upon it.

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AUBERON HERBERT AND HIS DOCTRINE

The following notice of the death of Auberon Herbert is copied from the London "Chronicle" of November 9:

We regret to announce the death of the Hon. Auberon Herbert, which took place yesterday at his New Forest residence, "Old House," in his sixty-eighth year.

He was the third son of the third earl of Carnarvon, and was formerly M. P. for Nottingham. Mr. Auberon Herbert was a notable figure in journalism, politics, and public life generally.

During his short tenure of a seat in parliament (1870-3), Mr. Auberon Herbert inclined to the Republican movement, which was at that time making some stir. But he was too independent in judgment to submit to the trammels of any party, or swear by the tenets of any school. The title of one of his principal books, "A Politician in Trouble About His Soul," sufficiently expresses his detachment.

His long and brilliant letters, which were once a frequent feature in the "Times," touched political and social questions with impartial independence. He was something of "a character," and "an original." Of later years his political ideas approximated somewhat to those of Tolstoi. He was an opponent of compulsion in all its forms, and not least of the compulsion of social conventions. He liked to live his own life ; he had great charm and distinction, but cared nothing for the routine of society. He was an enthusiast for open windows, open doors, and outdoor life,—a form of freedom which he not only preached in various letters and tracts, but practised at his Hampshire home.

From the Oxford "Chronicle" of June 8, 1906, I copy the following report of a lecture which, so far as I know, was Mr. Herbert's last appearance in public life:

There was a large gathering at the Sheldonian Theatre yesterday on the occasion of the delivery of the Herbert Spencer lecture by the Hon. Auberon E. W. M. Herbert, D. C. L., St. John's College. In the course of it he said those who had many points of disagreement with Mr. Spencer would yet, he thought, acknowledge and admire the quick eye with which he always saw the principle underlying the facts, and the sure, masterful hand with which he grouped the facts round the principle. The great whole that made all things one was ever present to his

view and acting on his thought. It was a splendid work both of insight and creative genius ; it was a splendid effort to make the world intelligible to them as a whole; and, whatever defects there might be—as there must be—in so vast an undertaking, whatever fillings in or takings away time might bring,—and his truest followers would never fear to differ from him,—whatever doubts and questions and new interpretations might belong to the future, his work would remain as a great monument of what one mind could achieve, facing the great world problem, if not in its full completeness, still more so than any man who had preceded him. It was a work, whatever might be their own personal disagreements with it, that must exert a deep influence in moulding and directing the thought that in turn had so large a share in moulding and directing their human destinies. Agreeing or disagreeing, accepting or not accepting many of his conclusions, they could not, he thought, deny the great debt they owed to him. How many of them had longed to find reason and order and intelligibility in every part of nature and life, to lose all sense of aimlessness and confusion, and so they saw the great meanings standing out plain and distinct before them, so to learn what they must do and not do in their own lives, so to learn how to co-operate with the great purpose running through it all, and to distinguish between the true and false progress.

If they would forgive his telling a personal incident, he had sometimes laughed, and said that Mr. Spencer spoiled his political life. He went into the house of commons as a young man, strongly believing in the work that was to be done by the great political machine. Only exert, he thought, the full power of that machine on behalf of the people, drive it full steam ahead, and use it to give the great gifts, to undertake the great services, and to sweep away the obstacles that still lay between us and the promised land; and at the same time he felt, he thought, a smouldering resentment against that worthy house for its hesitation to let the great machine do its work, denying their full play to its giant forces. He stayed at home in the evenings trying to master one volume after another of Mr. Spencer's writings. Before long his teaching had done its work. He no longer believed in the great machine; he no longer believed that that handful of them, sitting there in the house, could make a nation, build its fortunes, and reform its character. He began to see that it was a work that lay far out of their hands, far above their strength. It was a work, as he saw, that must be done by the nation itself for itself, by the free individuals in their own groups, united by their common desires, united by

their common efforts, and ever as the foundation of it all respecting deeply and religiously their own freedom, and with that freedom the rights of all others. It was, he saw, only too easily in their power to mislead and to injure, to hinder and destroy the voluntary efforts and experiments, to weaken all the great qualities, and to turn the nation into two reckless, quarreling crowds.

From that day he gave himself to preaching in his own small way the saving doctrine of liberty, of self-ownership and self-guidance, and of resisting that strife for power which turned the men of the same country into two hostile armies, ever striving against each other, ever dreading, ever hating, each other. It was true, pathetically true, that they might touch the heart of the people by a generous appeal, honestly spoken and deeply felt ; but that was not the all-absorbing business of politics ; the business of politics was to get votes, and votes were most easily and surely gathered by appealing to the special interests, interests which, in the great majority of cases, were not of the true permanent order, common to all, but interests belonging to this or that section, and which often involved grave injury and injustice to others.

Let them see what really their party system was, and what their strife for power meant. Suppose a nation of five million voters, three millions voting on one side and two millions on the other. What happened ? All rights went to the three millions, no rights to the two millions. The two millions were decitizenized. They no longer had any share in the country, or any part in the guidance of its fortunes. As individuals they were de-individualized ; they had no rights of ownership in themselves, over their body, over their faculty, and, as far as they could transfer the mind and the soul by machinery, they had lost rights even over themselves ; they were the subject race living at the mercy of the conquering race. The great question arose, could it be right for them to accept and live under such a system ? Why should they desire this unlimited power over him ; why should he desire it over them ? There were grim stories of men in the madness of their play staking life and soul. After all, were they gamesters at the political table, staking liberties, rights, property, and even the control of mind and soul, as far as these fell under the control of machinery, in the excitement of a great game ?

It was rarely given to a man to use three words which in time would revolutionize the thought of the nation. That was what Mr. Spencer achieved. His words were, "Progress is difference,"—a very simple, but a far-reaching, truth. It meant that,

if he was to see more clearly or do anything more efficiently and better than it had yet been done, he must see it was done differently from those who had gone before him. That being so, it followed they must adapt their system in everything to favor the greatest difference of thought and action. What they had to look forward to was that all the men and all the women of a nation should understand that it was their part as individuals, and, acting in their own groups in every part of Life, in the humblest or in the greatest part, to make the better take the place of the good. Once they could get that feeling widespread through the nation, then progress would lie before them in a truer way than it ever yet had done. And now he finished by a last appeal. If they once believed that under their present system of unlimited power they were learning to strive against each other, to dread each other, and even to hate each other, if they were turning aside from the road which offered them moral and intellectual progress, if they were encouraging and unloosening a force which would pass entirely out of their control, then let them be brave and resolute in the matter, and put limits upon this power which they placed in the hands of their government. Their great object had been to recover the full liberty of the individual and to restrain the ever-growing power of the government.

FREE SPEECH UNDER SOCIALISM

[Atlanta Georgian]

To the Editor of the Georgian:

W. A. Johnson, a Socialist, thinks that the rights of free speech are abridged when Socialists are not permitted to speak in the streets, and, with many protestations of the rights of the individual, contends in the "Georgian" for the "freedom of speech of every individual, at all times and places." Now, when a Socialist speaks with enthusiasm of the rights of the individual, it is well to be suspicious. And I suspect that Mr. Johnson's enthusiasm for free speech is restricted to an eagerness for the freedom of oral speech only "at all times and places."

Fervor in the cause of freedom of written speech "at all times and places" is not a conspicuous characteristic of Socialists. They are firm believers in the rights of the post-office. But Lysander Spooner, a philosophical Anarchist, stoutly asserts that "any (postal) law which debars a man of the right of employing

such a messenger as he prefers abridges his freedom of speech." Mr. Johnson, the Socialist, would probably tell Mr. Spooner, the Anarchist, that the proper place "at all times" to mail his written speech is the post-office. You see the point: A Socialist should be free to distribute his oral speech at all "places." To deny him this right is tyranny. But the individualist should not be free to distribute his written speech at all "places." To deny him this right is not tyranny. How could it be, when it is Socialistic to do so? The proper "place" for the distribution of written speech is a government post-office.

Mr. Johnson, the Socialist, writes: "The Socialists do not wish to intrude their views on the public by speaking on the streets, but, when they seek to use the streets in an orderly manner and find them obstructed by the police, they are simply within their constitutional rights, not as Socialists, but as individuals, in demanding a removal of the obstruction."

Now, Mr. Spooner, the Anarchist, would probably rephrase the above outburst of indignation so as to read: "The Individualists do not wish to intrude their views on the public by writing with their pens, but, when they seek to use their pens in an orderly manner and find them obstructed by the police, they are simply within their constitutional rights, not as Individualists, but as individuals, in demanding a removal of the obstruction."

What does Mr. Johnson, the Socialist, think of the assertion of Mr. Spooner, the Anarchist? PLAIN CITIZEN.

THE INFLUENCE OF IBSEN

In a recent lecture at Harvard University on "The Corner-Stones of the Modern Drama," Henry Arthur Jones paid the following fine tribute to Ibsen:

No glance at any corner of the modern drama can leave out of sight the ominous figure of Ibsen. A great destroyer, a great creator, a great poet, a great liberator, in his later prose plays he has freed the European drama, not only from the minor conventions of the stage, such as the aside and the perfunctory soliloquy, but from the deadlier bondage of sentimentality, of one-eyed optimism, and sham morality. As there is no modern playwright who understands his craft that does not pay homage to Ibsen's technique, so there is no serious modern dramatist but

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has been directly or indirectly influenced by him, and whose path has not been made clearer, and straighter, and easier by Ibsen's matchless veracity, courage, and sincerity. Throughout these later plays, again and again he shows us how far more poignant and startling are inward spiritual situations and the secret surprises and suspenses of the soul than outward physical situations and the traps and surprises of mechanical ingenuity.

Like all the greatest artists, he is greatest, not where he is most realistic, but where he is most imaginative. It is true he does not reach through the middle zones of cloud and tempest; he does not attain those sunny heights of wisdom and serenity where Sophocles and Shakspere and Goethe sit radiantly enthroned, watching all the turbid stream of human life as it flows a thousand leagues beneath their feet. Ibsen for the most part looms darkly through a blizzard, in a wilderness made still more bleak and desolate by the gray lava streams of corrosive irony that have poured from his crater. Yet by this very fact he becomes all the more representative of his age, and of the present cast and drift of European thought and philosophy. His generation has been taught and received his insistent new gospel, "Live your own life." Yet the human hearts will always long for that strain of higher mood which we seem to remember. "Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

Ibsen is a citizen of a small country; this gives him many signal advantages and some more serious disadvantages. If his eyes avert their ken from half of human life, yet his vision is the more keen and strenuous for the half that lies before them. If he is a sour and shabby counselor to beauty, he is never a traitor to truth. He will never be surpassed in his angry scorn for lies. He has great fascination, but little charm. Joyous youth will never hobnob with him. For happy lovers he grows no sweet forget-me-nots. The poor in spirit he crushes. They who have rooted themselves at ease in the rank stubble of modern commercialism shudder at him, as a weed at the plowshare, as a cancer at the knife. For two-thirds of humankind he has only a command of self-contempt and a sentence of despair and destruction. But the strong he fortifies; the steadfast he establishes; he is a scourge to slaves, but for them that are free he enlarges the bounds of freedom. They honor him who honor the truth, and they welcome him who welcome the growl of the thunder and the dart of the lightning rather than stagnancy and miasma, and the fitful shimmer that dances around corruption. A test of Ibsen's quality is supplied by the characters of the men who

have most hated and vilified him. Some tribute may, perhaps, be offered, belated, but, I hope, not too late, by those whom his tense and shattering genius has at length conquered and brought to own with great regret that they have in part misjudged, in part underestimated, him. He will long stand forth, a frowning landmark in the domain of the drama. Weak creatures may now be counseled to shun him, and to cease from cursing and shrieking at him. He remains.

AN ANSWER TO HENRY HOLT

Mr. Steven T. Byington sent to the New York "Times" an answer to the letter from Henry Holt proposing that Anarchists be outlawed. The "Times" has not printed it. It has given place, however, to the following very good letter from Louis F. Brown, of Plainfield, N. J. Why the "Times" preferred it to Mr. Byington's I do not know. The latter may have been no better, but certainly Mr. Byington has a reputation as a representative exponent of Anarchism which Mr. Brown has not.

Mr. Holt, who writes so interestingly about boycotting Anarchists, is evidently a victim of the popular impression that an Anarchist is necessarily an uneducated, uncouth, ill-bred, dirty, long-bearded tramp, with a bomb in one hand and a torch in the other. I could introduce him to Anarchists who are professional men, poets, *littérateurs*, editors, college professors, school trustees and of like reputable occupations. It is natural that he should have no conception of the theories of Anarchism, as he shows in his letter in to-day's "Times."

The point is this: If government were to withdraw its protection from Anarchists, would it also withdraw the restrictions that it now imposes upon their peaceable activities? Would it refrain from imposing taxes upon them? Would it permit them to offer and circulate their own notes as currency to anybody who would accept them? Would it permit them to occupy and use land which is now unoccupied and unused, which is held vacant merely to impose a tax upon him who wants to use it?

Anarchism looks forward to a new step in civilization when the compulsory form of organization will be relinquished, and the minority will be free to form associations for public purposes, supported, not as at present by compulsory taxation, but by voluntary subscription. Roads, lighthouses, water-works, all will be maintained by those only who wish to subscribe for such

objects. Even a police force might exist, but only those who thought they needed it would unite to pay for it.

Clearly no government could grant freedom from taxation, for this would be equivalent to abdication, and republics abdicate less frequently than kings.

Anarchism regards the restrictions on currency as the root of interest, and the fruitful cause of excessive wealth, with the aggregations of wealth which we call trusts, and the restrictions on the use of vacant land as the cause of rent, which is another form of interest.

There are plenty of Anarchists of considerable wealth, not millions, perhaps, but certainly well up in the hundred thousands,* but they would all cheerfully relinquish their property if Anarchism were established, because they believe that the prosperity even of the rich will be infinitely greater under the *régime* of liberty.

CHEAPENING A LUXURY

Since Clemenceau became minister of the interior in the French cabinet, he has issued several circulars to the police looking toward the abolition of the *passage à tabac*,—an institution bearing some similarity to our own "third degree," the difference being that the latter usually consists of mental torture only, with a view to the extortion of confession, while the former is physical torture practised to satisfy the cruel and revengeful instincts of the police. As a result of these circulars, a prisoner who had been arrested for a trivial offence and submitted to the *passage à tabac* was fined sixteen francs by the magistrate, who at the same time reprimanded the policeman. Apropos of this, Henry Maret writes as follows in "Le Journal":

I was very glad to learn, when reading our court report yesterday, that now it costs but sixteen francs to be beaten by the police. Formerly it was much dearer. I knew a time when, if a depository of public power had struck you with the flat of his sword, you would not have gotten off with less than a fortnight in prison.

* Mr. Brown says, in this sentence, that there are hundreds of thousands of Anarchists. He means to say that there are many Anarchists with hundreds of thousands of dollars.—EDITOR.

There is no doubt that we are losing our good old habits The notions of the old law are no more needed. To be sure, courage has not been found yet to ignore altogether the unchangeable rule of our jurisprudence that the beaten pay the fine, in the absence of which rule society would be impossible; but they keep on diminishing it gradually, and to give only sixteen francs for being passed *à tabac* is really not to pay at all. One must be without sixteen francs in his pocket to refuse himself the exercise of this right of man, which, though not inscribed in the famous proclamation, has nevertheless been the most preciously kept of all since the French Revolution.

There is some danger in thus putting this *passage à tabac* within reach of all purses. The rush for it will increase proportionately, and in our police stations they will not know to whom to listen. In vain will the minister of the interior and the prefect of police send circulars; who the devil will pay attention to them?

"What!" all the citizens will cry, "you allowed us to be beaten when it cost us the eyes in our heads, and now that we can enjoy the farce for sixteen francs you forbid it!"

It is not worth while to deprive one's self, and, although the judges have thought it their duty to severely censure these gayeties of the sabre, we shall not easily get rid of a habit so inveterate that of it especially we may say that it is a second nature. It is a long time since the *rôles* were inverted: no longer do the revellers thrash the watchmen, but the watchmen thrash the revellers.

Perhaps, if we were really determined to come to an end, we should find it useful to change the prisoner, and to apply the fine henceforth, not to him who received the blows, but to him who gave them. Only this would mean such a revolution in jurisprudence and such an overturning of the rules of established justice that one cannot think of it without a shudder.

HOMOCHROMY

The prince of Monaco, whose tiny principality contains the greatest gambling-house in the world, but no stock exchange; whose subjects are the only people in the civilized world that pay no taxes, the treasury being constantly replenished by the profits of the games, in which no citizen of Monaco is allowed to

participate; and who spends the gains yielded by the famous "zero" in exploring the depths of the ocean instead of trying to multiply his riches through subjugation and exploitation of inferior races in the wilds of Africa, - this prince of Monaco is not only a man of science, but a man of wit. Witness the following extract from a lecture which he delivered in Paris last winter before the Popular University of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine,—a lecture which dealt with the phenomenon of homochromy, or the power which some fish have of concealing themselves from their enemies by identifying their own color with that of their immediate environment:

Surely there are many among us who would like to have the means of sometimes concealing our presence. But let us rejoice that this faculty has not yet been acquired by human beings, for, though the animals always utilize their faculties in conformity with the laws of nature which govern them, man so willingly departs from the rules which civilization and morality impose upon him that the resource of homochromy would expose humanity to great dangers. Man already makes marvellous use of a similar weapon peculiarly his own,—the lie; that is humanity's homochromy.

THE STIRNER MEMORIAL FUND

The fund started by John Henry Mackay for the placing of a memorial tablet on the house at Bayreuth in which Max Stirner was born has received the following subscriptions through Liberty. The subscription is now closed, so far as Liberty is concerned. Any one else wishing to subscribe may remit, by postal money order, to Richard Schuster, Buelowstrasse 107, Berlin W., Germany.

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No. 9.—The institution known as "government" cannot continue to exist unless many a man is willing to be Government's agent in committing what he himself regards as an abominable crime.

No. 12.—Considering what a nuisance the Government is, the man who says we cannot get rid of it must be called a confirmed pessimist.

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No. 34.—The population of the world is gradually dividing into two classes—Anarchists and criminals.

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